A Pindarick on the

DEATH

Of Our Late Sovereign;

WITHAN

Ancient Prophecy

ON HIS

Present MAJESTY,

Written by A. BEHN.

DUBLIN,

Reprinted by Andrew Crook and Samuel Helfham, And are to be Sold at Samuel Helfham's at the Colledg-Arms in Caftle-frees.

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STANZA

No Semily of Blood, no Temples Fale is rear,

Imposible! Imposible 1 ory!	
C A D was the Morn, the ladder Week began, you A a last?	
And heavily the God of Day came on:	
From ominous Dreams my wondering Soul lookt out,	
And faw a Dire Confusion round about.	
My Bed like some sad Monument appeared w ! b'aivid I our	
Round which the Mournful Statues wring their hands and weep	;
Distracted Objects all! with mighty Grief, prepared in W	
To rouse me from my painfal flee provide a wal bank	
Not the fad Bards that wall'd Jerufaleme woes it no served and	
(With wild neglect throu'out the peopl'd ftreet,	
Trick - Deepleticket and Other fire of the trees	
With a Prophetick rage affrighting all they meet)	9
Had mightier pangs of forrow, mightier throes; an abbud	
Ah! wretch, undone they Cry! wante forlorn, all Land aid T	
The King! the King is Dend! Rifet rife and Mourn. I all a Buld Whole Hecatoms of the third will be the study of the study	
Whole Heratoms of Fort the Altars Growing	
To clear our Sing that brough this Vengenice down	
So the Great Sacion of the World ald fun	
Again I hid 'em tell their forrows (Fleene V noiseald A	
Again I nin 'em rentinerenous of meme y variable de	

Again they Cry, The King ! The King is Dead tow TOM Extended, Cold and Pale, upon the Royal Bed; 198 911 11 1101 W Again I heard, and yet I thought it Dream; 1 17 17 Impof-

Impossible! (Iraving Cry)
That such a Monarch! such a God should dye!
And no Dire Warning to the World be giv'n:
No Harricanes on Earth! no Bluzing Fires in Heav'n!
The Sun and Tyde their constant Courses keep:
Thus cheers the World with its Life-giving Reign,
This hasts with equal Motion to the Deep;
And in its usual turns revives the Banks again,
And in its soft and easy way,
Brings up no Storms or Monsters from the Sea,
No Showr'rs of Blood, no Temples Vale is rent,
But all is Calm, and all is Innocent.
When Nature in Convulsions should be hurl'd,
And Fate should shake the Fabrick of the World;
Impossible! Impossible I Cry!

So Great a King! somuel a God! so filently should dye! A GA

Low womany Draw saw Mindering Soul Lonk Cout,

True I Divin'd! when loe a Voice arriv'd. Welcome as that which did the Crowd furprife. When the Dead Lazarus from the Tomb reviv'd, And faw a Pirrying God attend his rife! aspelled of Our Sovereign lives! it cry'd ! rife and Adore! Our Sovereign lives! Heaven ands one Wonder more To the Miraculous History of his Num'rous flore: Sudden as chought, or minged Light'ning flyes, and rounging ball This chas'd the Gloomy Terrors from our eyes, And all from Sorrows, fall to Sacrifice . I will add I will all Whole Hecatoms of Vows the Altars Crown, To clear our Sins that brought this Vengeance down ;-So the Great Saviour of the World did fall, A Bleeding Victim to attone for all! Nor were the bleft Apostles more reviv'd When in the Refurredison they beheld Their Faith Establisht, and their Lord Surviv'd,

And all the Holy Prophesics sulfill'd.

Their Mighty Love, by Mighty For they show'd!

And if from feebler Fasts before,

They did the Deity, and Man Adore;

What must they pay, when He consisted the God;

Who having similar all His wonders here;

And full instructions given,

To make His Bright Divinity more Cleer;

Transsignr'd all to Glory, Mounts to Heav'n!

he Wolle Stant have book and green

So fell our Earthly God of Lov'd, so Mourn'd,
So like a God again return'd.
For of His MeRage, yet a pare was unperform'd,
But oh! our Pray'rs and Vows were made roo late,
The Sacred Differes were already past;
And open laid the Mighry Book of State;
Where the Great MON ARCH read His Lifes short date;
And for Evern'y prepar'd in haste

He saw in the vertasting Chairs
Of long past Time and Numerous Things,
The Fatts, Vicissitudes, and pains,
Of Mighty Monarchies, and Mighty Kings,
And blest His Stars that in an Age so Vain,
Where Zealous Mischiefs, Frauds, Rebellions, Reign:
Like Moses, he had led the Murm'ring Crowd,
Beneath the Peaceful Rule of his Almighty Wand;
Pull'd down the Golden Calf to which they bow'd,
And left'em safe, entring the promis'd Land;
And to good JOSHUA, now resigns his sway;
JOSHUA, by Heaven and Nature pointed out to lead the way.

their Regula, and Language and their E

Full of the Wiftom and the Power of God,
The Royal PROPHET now before him front.

And all the Faly Prophefics On whom his lands the Dring MO. N. A. R. C. H. laid And wept with tender loy and Bleft and faid: A To Thee , kind Aid in all my Eases and Powers bib von T Dear Parentroff why fad and fofrest vertions world fluor sent Thy Parting King and Brother representation agreed on VV His frighted Nations, and his Mouraing Strauten A Take to Thy Pique Care , my Enithful Edether at Hotem of And tho the Shel'exint Cedan Bade is b'madean f Regard said He , regard my tender Stock ; The Noble Stems may shoot and grow To Grace the Spacious Plains, and bow Their foreading Branoles round Thee a defenfive shade wo 113 02 The Royal S. U.C. E.S.S. Q. R. to all he hears 1 02 With fighs affected and Confirming Tears and all Much more be spoked much more he had Expression But that the Cheming Accents of his Tongue 3000 of 1 Flew upwards, to Compoler Heavily Song had bak And left his speaking Eves to Rich and relithe reft and relithe reft. His Eyes fo much Ador'd whose less ning light to both Like fetting Suns that halten on the Night stall (Lending their Gloriesco another Sphere) of another Those Sacred Lights are fading here Whilst every Beam above informs a Star My Mail 10 And bleft His Stars that in an Agedo Vain, Where Jegione Milimieta. I Valida, Revellione, Release Like Moles the had led the Marmina Crowd, Which theil w Noblet Buliness know part and distinct And Influence his best loved Friends below: awob bylog And left ?em lafe, oner ing the promised Land !! ho tu No Humane thought can paint the Grief and Love. With which the parring Hero's strove. Sad was the Scene, Soft lookes the Voice Supplies, Anguish their Hearts, and Languishment their Eyes; Not God like Jonathan with greater pain . Sigh't his last Farewell to the Royal Swain : 10 110

While Awful filence fill'd the Gloomy place.

And Dear before years a grant state of the Man And Dear before years Records Young branches won but wo And all the Bleffed Powirsiahove, biller remed with work work bank In hafte to make him A Li their own and district Boy Around the Royal Bed in thining order more a ran I and W Once more he longs to feether breaking Day seed to real the longs to feether breaking Day seed to real the long to th The last his Mercal Eyes shathetre behold, or refuel and and I nl Your Conciler in and W. Should division of the ask division of the Its near Approach foretold serial O entrol and The And when he found twas Denning ing he visite in 513 we have set (With the Cold Tide of Dreet that fland all biros) in smo Draw, Draw, faid heigher Clowd that hangs her bean I rout bal And let mexisteling last ordices 2352 of 1 blodest Ob let merake but talked talk with now me W-For I hall never neverage it more in the in the all made bet To fact a semitter thould simount, -work bank Officious Angels davelohis abing Siglor, I aid III al. And bear 'em up in Triumph to the Slayes and real basing a . . Each forms a Soul! of the Divingfridge bins and Land 12 For New-both Kings and Hero's to policis Tuest al an dival The last, that from the Sacred Babrickiffen, 13 1911 19 300.

Made C HAR I BS & Bod hand Sind Made S addonards too!

Shall-make the great Production true,

"T.S.Y O U oh Sacred Sir, for Empire Born,

To His Sacred Majefty, King James II: Oh may Your Enfre with Your Life cenew!

LL idails Great Prince Abwhoming ry did gold vam 200 1 As from the Morning Medical Months and the Months a When Minney Your Wondraw Story, thall unfoldy 1:11 Your Globbus Desarda Shory weben yet but Young : 10 700 Y 10 bal Your strange Escapes, and Danger shall be told, Your Battels Fought, Your Gilded Lawrels won, When yet the Elder Generals (2not in Rame) Your Perils dar'ft not share, Alone the raging Torrent You wou'd ftem,

And bear before you the fierze Tide of War and him doe'd link How Spein Records Your o lorious Name of out won but And how when Danger call'd, for Britains good, 18 out I but he Too paid the Levish Ranson of Your Blood and shen of mindal When the Ingrates shall Binshing read, it had have and bouter A. How far great Souls the Valgar can exceed a smooth of the land of the lan Your Condescention, and Your Bariffment, les of the bes Then let the Obffinate Convinced) agree ; and il Tos only were preferv'd, and fit, for Sacred Government. An both Come liften all, whom needleft feurs pollels it ble onthe del W Behold the Sacred promit d Prince, 191 has Whom wond'rous prophets Ages fince 1 0 Told, When the Byffick Higures of the star, on the High war To fuch a Rumber hould Amount, wow but O're England there thouls Rolen a Starque of I'm qu me' beat and factions a foul! of space of that Divine and Grations Influence to ! I of some of the Divine and Grations Influence to ! Should make preud Reighbouring Parions fent: de M. S. The left, that from 300g cuins Bouge de anichte felt find dan Made C. H. 3vollden Sacraffe Charles Williams Bearing Branch Berner Sacraffe Control of the C. H. 3vollden Sacraffe Control of the C. H. 3vollden Sacraffe Control of the Tis YOU oh Sacred Sir, for Empire Born, Shall make the great Prediction true, And this last Mirate perform To make us Bleft, and make us own it too. Oh may Your Luftre with Your Life renew ! Long may You Shine, and spread Your Beams as far, As from the Morning to the Evining Star plant Fill Your Continuing Rays Four Fors o're come, on W And for Your Glorious Magnitude the feanted Globe want room Hoy Your france Effance, and Duren hall be told Your Battols Forght, Your Gilded Lawrels mon, When yet the Elder Generals anith Kane) Your Perils dar'll not fhare, More the raging, Torrent You would Rem.